

CDC
SIX-GUN HEROES

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

NO. 25

Six-Gun Heroes

In this issue,
Your FAVORITE
WESTERN MOVIE
HEROES!



LASH LaRUE



ROCKY LANE



TEX RITTER



MONTE HALE

Build a Fine Business... Full or Spare Time!

I'll Put a "Shoe Store Business" in Your Pocket!

SHOE BUSINESS



You Don't Invest a Cent!
I Furnish Everything Free!

Want to have lots of money in your pocket—always? Then rush the coupon below and start toward your own business. In many ways it's better than a retail store of your own! I plan to give it to you absolutely FREE. You don't invest a penny now or ever! Be in this highly profitable business QUICK.

HERE'S WHY IT'S BETTER!

As the direct factory man handling the quick-selling line of this 47-year old, million-dollar company you have a limitless market, because everybody wears shoes. Start by selling to relatives, friends, neighbors. That will prove the fine quality leathers—superb craftsmanship—money-saving value—and unequalled comfort-fit! Then branch out on a big scale.

It's easy to fit folks in the exact style they want—no need to substitute—you draw on our huge factory stock of over 175,000 pairs plus huge daily factory production.

Sales build up from friend to friend quickly, like a snowball. Recommendations, repeat orders and new customers build you a big income in a surprisingly short time. No wonder some of our top Shoe Counselors make from \$5 to \$10 every hour they spend taking orders!

EXCLUSIVE FEATURES

People demand nationally advertised Mason Shoes because of their exclusive comfort features, up-to-the-minute styling. Foamy-soft exclusive Velvet-Eez Air Cushion Innersole makes walking a real pleasure—like "walking on air!" Ten-second demonstration lets customer actually feel air cushion, brings quick sales!

These splendid shoes bear famous Good Housekeeping Guarantee Seal



Velvet-Eez
MADE IN U.S.A.

MASON SHOE MFG. CO.
Dept. MA215, Chippewa Falls, Wis.

BIG, STEADY PROFITS FOR YOU—NO OVERHEAD!

That's right! You have all the advantages of a profitable shoe store business without the expenses of rent, light, heat, etc. You are independent and invest nothing but your time. Your generous profit is ALL YOURS! No wonder Mason men are making more money than ever before. Even if you start in spare time, you will soon want to devote full time to this steady, repeat-order big-income business!

No Experience Needed... Make Money First Hour!

You need no experience to make money right away. Some men have made up to 20 sales their first day. You feature 151 styles of smart dress shoes, casual sport shoes, and practical work and service shoes for men and women, boots and fine leather jackets, too.

Sell to service station and garage men, waiters, factory workers, barbers, waitresses, nurses, housewives—everybody! Such features as Rugged Horsehide Shoes, Neoprene Oil-Resistant Soles, Gro-Chek Slip-Resistant Soles, Steel Safety Toe shoes make Mason Shoes easy to sell.

SEND NOW!

I have a powerful Selling Outfit. I'm going to send you absolutely FREE as soon as I receive your coupon. This outfit includes actual 10-second demonstration, Impassioned Automatic Selling Pitch, and exclusive exclusive Velvet-Eez Air-Cushion shoes, fine leather jackets—other fast-selling specialties. To take advantage of this opportunity of your life, rush me the coupon below NOW! You'll be glad you did!



SEND FOR FREE OUTFIT

Mr. Ned Mason, Sales Manager
Mason Shoe Mfg. Co., Dept. MA-215
Chippewa Falls, Wis.

Please put a "Shoe Store Business" in my pocket by rushing FREE and postpaid your Powerful Selling Outfit—so I can start making Big Money my very first hour!

Name

Age

Address

Town..... State.....

SEX-GUN HEROES
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SIX-GUN HEROES

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A CHARLTON PUBLICATION.

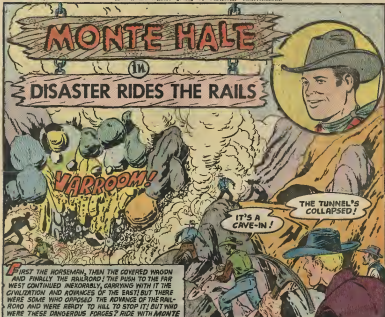
ATOMIC MOUSE • COWBOY WESTERN HEROES • CRIME AND JUSTICE • FUNNY ANIMALS
 ENI die this crazy cat • HAUNTED • HIT BOYS AND RACING CARS • DOD FUNNIES
 LASH LARUE WESTERN • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • THE THING • SIX-GUN HEROES
 ROMANTIC ADVENTURE • SCIENCE-FICTION SPACE ADVENTURES • STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES
 SWEETHEARTS • THE BITTER WESTERN • TRUE LIFE SECRETS • TV TEENS

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

MONTE HALE

IN

DISASTER RIDES THE RAILS



VARROOM!

IT'S A
CAVE-IN!

THE TUNNEL'S
COLLAPSED!

FIRST THE HORSEMAN, THEN THE COVERED WAGON AND FINALLY THE RAILROAD! THE PUSH TO THE FAR WEST CONTINUED INEXORABLY, CARRYING WITH IT THE CIVILIZATION AND ADVANCES OF THE EAST! BUT THERE WERE SOME WHO OPPOSED THE ADVANCE OF THE RAILROAD AND WERE READY TO HILL TO STOP IT! BUT WHO WERE THESE DANGEROUS FORCES? RIDE WITH MONTE HALE AS HE BATTLES THE UNKNOWN ENEMIES OF THE IRON HORSE!

THE TERRIFIED CRY OF "CAVE-IN" RESOUNDED THROUGHOUT THE RAILROAD CAMP AS THE MEN SPRANG INTO ACTION!

COME ON, WE'VE GOT TO DIG OUT ANY SURVIVORS!

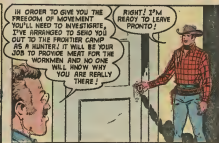
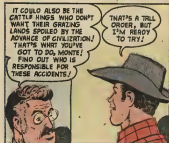
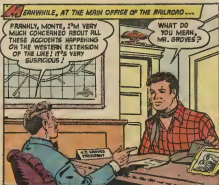
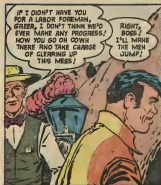
I RECKON DIGGING WON'T HELP THEM NOW, BUT WE CAN TRY!

ANOTHER ACCIDENT! THIS ONE WILL SET US BACK AT LEAST A MONTH! GREER, I'VE BEEN A SUPERINTENDENT OF RAILROAD CONSTRUCTION FOR TWENTY YEARS AND I'VE NEVER SEEN SO MANY ACCIDENTS ON ONE JOB!

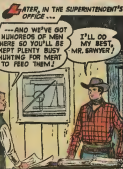
YOU'RE RIGHT, MR. SAWYER. THEY DO SEEM TO HAPPEN TOO OFTEN FOR COMFORT!



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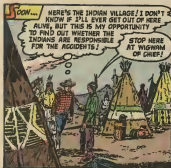
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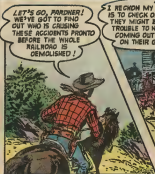
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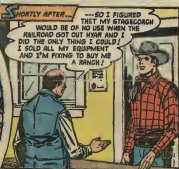
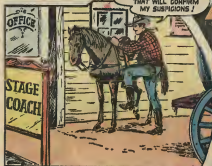
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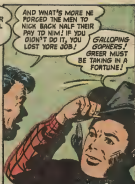
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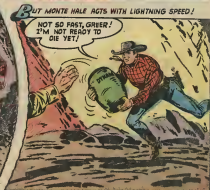
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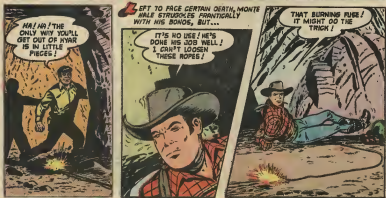
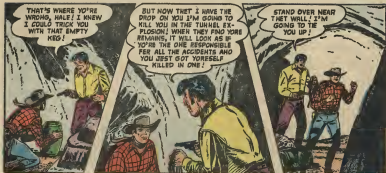
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IT'S BURNING
THROUGH!
I'M FREE!



NOW TO PUT THIS FIRE
OUT BEFORE IT DOES
ANY DAMAGE!



I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO
THE CAMP BEFORE GREER
REALIZES SOMETHING WENT
WRONG WITH HIS PLANS!



CUT THAT WIND,
PARD, LIKE YOU'VE
NEVER DONE
BEFORE!



FASTER, PARD!
WE CAN'T LET THAT
LOW-DOWN BROOM-
TAIL GET AWAY!



THERE HE IS!
WE MADE IT
IN TIME!



THIS IS THE
END OF YOUR
ROPE, GREER!

MONTE HALE!
BUT I THOUGHT---



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The End

REPUBLIC PICTURES STAR

Rocky Lane

DEATH RIDES THE RAILS



GET GOING, BLACKJACK!
LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE'S DOWN
THERE... AND THE COPS AREN'T
STACKED UP RIGHT FOR
THE FREIGHT MEN!

BAND!

BAND!

SORDANO + ALSCIA

IT DIDN'T TAKE TWO AND TWO TO
FIGURE OUT THAT A FREIGHT
LINE WAS UNDER CONSTANT DANGER...
BUT FINDING OUT WHO THE MASTER
MIND WAS BEHIND THE ROBBERIES
AND THE KILLINGS WAS SOMETHING
ELSE AGAIN! AND ROCKY LANE,
SECRET MARSHAL, HAD TO STAKE
HIS LIFE ON A GAMBLE THAT HAD
TO END IN DEATH!

FEAR
OUT
ON THE
ARIZONA
PLAINS,
MARSHAL
ROCKY
LANE
HAS
BEEN
RETURNING
TO
HEAD-
QUARTERS
WHEN
THE
SOUND
OF
SUDDEN
DEATH
WHIZZES
CLOSE
BY...

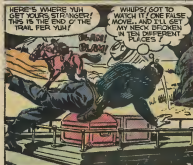
RECKON THIS MAY JUST
EVEN UP THE SIDES A BIT,
BLACKJACK! THOSE OWNHOO'DS
ARE TRYING TO STEAL THE
GOLD SHIPMENTS ON
THAT COACH!

TROUBLE, BOYS! WHOOSIE!
I'LL TEND TO THET GOLD
RIGHT NOW! GO AHEAD...
MAKE THINGS PLENTY HOT
FER THET MAVEROCK!

RIGHT! HELL NEVER
KNOW WHAT HIT HIM!
NO LOCO HOMBERE IS
GONNA STICK HIS
NOSE INTO OUR
BUSINESS!

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BUT BEFORE THE BAD MEN CAN REACH HIM OFF, THE FIGHTER CIRCLES AROUND THEM, AND...



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BUT BEFORE SHE CAN CONTINUE, THE DOOR OPENS, AND...

I HEARD ABOUT THAT AMBUSH, MARION. NOW HOW 'BOUT SELLIN' THE NEXT TIME IT MAY BE MORE DANGEROUS!

THERE'S THE MANLY DEVIL I'VE BEEN TELLIN' YOU ABOUT! **GET OUT** OF HERE! CLYDE JACKSON... AND TAKE YOUR KILLERS WITH YOU!



I'VE BEEN ITCHIN' TO GET AT YOU EVER SINCE YOU INSULTED MARION WITH YOUR ATTENTIONS LAST TIME, JACKSON! AND NOW...

YOU WEAK EXCUSE FOR A COMFORK. NO ONE DRAWS ON ME AND LIVES!



'SHOOTIN'S TOO GOOD FOR A CAYOTE LIKE HIM, MISTER LANE! GET OUT NOW SIDEWINDER! **GET OUT**.. BEFORE SOMEONE CUTS YOU DOWN TO SIZE!



ALL RIGHT, WOMAN. THAT WUZ MY LAST OFFER. NOW IT'S GONNA BE MY RACE ALL THE WAY! I'LL BE BACK... FER BOTH OF YOU!



YOU'VE MADE SOME POWERFULLY DANGEROUS ENEMIES, MISS MARION. MIND IF I ASK YOU FOR A JOB ON YOUR FREIGHT LINES? I THINK MAYBE YOU'LL NEED HELP!

FRANKLY... I'D LIKE NO-THING BETTER! CLYDE'S A HARD MAN. HE'S STOPPED SHORT OF OUTRIGHT MURDER BEFORE THIS... BUT NOW.. I'M NOT SO SURE ANYMORE!



THE TOWN IS DIVIDED INTO TWO POWERFUL FACTIONS, ROCKY SOON LEARNS... **ONLY WAY VIOLENCE CAN BE STOPPED IS TO USE EVERY STRATAGEM HE CAN. A FEW DAYS LATER...**



WHUT YOU GOT THERE, ROCKY... A COUPLE O' PILLOWS? HA! HA!...THE RIDE'S KINDA BUMPY.. BUT I DINT THINK YOU'D MIND!

I WONT... BUT MY TWIN HERE WILL, UNCLE MOSE!

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WHOEVER TRIES KNOCKING THE GUARD OFF IS GOING TO DO **JUST** THAT! ONLY... WHEN THEY REACH INSIDE FOR THE SHIPMENTS, THEY'LL FIND **ME!**

WAL... I'LL BE BURNED! IT'S SORT OF A TRAP FOR A BUNCH O' RATS! HEH! HEH...



FOR DAYS THE FREIGHT LINE TRAVELS FROM TOWN AND BACK WITHOUT BEING MOLESTED. BUT ON THE DAY OF A BIG MONEY SHIPMENT...

H'YAR THEY COME, ROCKY! GET SET FER SOME FIREWORKS!



REACH... OR YOU'LL NEVER BE BREATHIN' AGAIN!

OKAY... OKAY! I-I'M REACHIN', FRIENDS! D-DON'T SHOOT! YOU GOT MY SIDEKICK!

BAM! BAM!



THE BANDITS SWAGGER UP TO THE COACH... AND JUST AS THEY OPEN THE DOOR...

HOWDY, OWNHOOOS! NEVER JUDGE A BOOK BY ITS COVER!

LAME!



HEAD FER THE HILLS, BOYS! IT'S A TRAP!

STOP!



THEY'RE GITTIN' AWAY, ROCKY! DO SOME-THIN'!

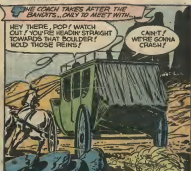
ROUND TWO FER YOU, CONDONE! BUT THEY DOESN'T END A FIGHT! WE'LL BE SEEN EACH OTHER AGIN'!



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HYAAAAAA!
YUH LOPE-EARED
SPALPENS!



CAN'T!
WE'RE GONNA
CRASH!



AFTER WHAT SEEMS LIKE AN ETERNITY, ROCKY COMES TO...

MIRACLE NONE O' MY BONES ARE BROKEN! HEAD FEELS LIKE A RIPE MELON! I'LL...CHCH!

GET UP SLOWLY, STRANGER! WITH YOUR HANDS UP!



0000!



AND I ALWAYS SHOW MY APPRECIATION WHEN A GUY HOLDS A GUN ON ME.. LIKE THIS!

WELL...WELL... JACKSON! I THOUGHT SO! CAME TO FINISH UP THE JOB?

ROCKY LAKE? WHY. I THOUGHT YOU WERE ONE O' THE BAD MEN! I FOUND A FEW O' THEM ALONG THE TRAIL BEFORE I REACHED HYAR. WHEN THE COACH WUZ OVERDUE, I CAME TO FIND OUT WHY! YOU GOT TO BELIEVE ME!



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BUT THE SECRET MARSHAL HAS NO TIME FOR GAMES, MOSE, THE GOLD SHIPMENT, EVERYTHING WAS DISAPPEARED! HE KEEPS A CLOSE EYE ON JACKSON AS THEY HEAD BACK TO TOWN!

JUST KEEP GOING! I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU...SO NO FUNNY STUFF!
WANT! LOOK DOWN THERE, LANE! YOU'LL SEE I WUZ RIGHT ALL ALONG!



NOT BEFORE I SETTLE A SCORE WITH YOU, RANNIE! AND THIS IS GOING TO BE GOOD!

WATCH OUT, CLYDE! BEHIND YOU!
WUNN!



THE FIGHT IS A SHORT LIVED ONE...

NOW EVERYTHING MAKES SENSE LANE. I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND HOW THOSE SHIPMENTS WERE BEING ROBBED. NO ONE BUT MARION AND THESE TWO KNEW WHEN THE COACH-LINE WOULD BE SCHEDULED! THEY WERE PLANNIN' TO TAKE IT OVER THEMSELVES!



ROCKY GETS THE SHOCK OF HIS LIFE!

UNCLE MOSE... AND... STEVE BENTON! SO THEY'RE THE LEADERS OF THE BAD MEN! THEY PLAYED ME FOR A FOOL! JACKSON... GIVE ME THAT LARIAT! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO SKIN A BUNCH O' BOBCATS, AND THIS IS GOOD AS HOG-TYING!
IT'S THE PESKY MAYERBICK! BLAST HIM!



GUESS YOU TWO BIRDS'LL HAVE TO TAKE IT EASY FER A SPELL... A GOOD LONG SPELL!



AND NO LATER.. AFTER THE CROOKS HAVE BEEN JAILED...

MUST YOU GO, ROCKY? CLYDE AND I WANT YOU TO STAY FOR THE WEDDING! IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU, WE'D NEVER HAVE KNOWN HOW WE FELT ABOUT EACH OTHER!

YOU DON'T NEED ME AROUND, YOU'VE! GOOD LUCK! BLACK-JACK AND I HAVE OTHER BUSINESS ELSEWHERE! ADIOS.. AND KEEP THOSE FREIGHT LINES RUNNING!



The End

BRUTE FORCE

In the narrow alley between the Bigtree (Montana) Bank and the saddle-shop, Seth Cadge stirred.

"Here he comes now," he whispered.

Tall Farrow, his weaseley accomplice, poked his head cautiously forward and twisted it like a snake's. From the direction of the Horton Road he saw an old man come riding in, atop a mule.

"Dinty Corse," he muttered. "So that's him." His face twisted in scorn. "Cadge, if I'd've known you were crazy, I'd never . . ."

Seth Cadge smiled. He'd picked up with Farrow a week ago in a saloon in Tucson. They'd recognized each other as birds of prey at first glance. But it had taken some talking to get Farrow to throw in with him. For the job he had in mind two men were necessary — far murder as well as fortune.

Farrow was muttering again.

"Why he's nathin' but a ragged old bag of bones and pear as sin. Look at that six-shooter he's carryin'! It's so old it's a muzzle loader."

Again Seth smiled.

"They say everything ain't gold that glitters," he remarked. "Well, everything ragged ain't pear, either."

Farrow snorted.

"Sheepdip!" he grunted. "I could buy and sell Corse for the price of a bag of tobacco — with the mule thrown in." He turned to Cadge and sneered. "What you figure he's worth?"

Seth watched Dinty Corse climb rheumatically off his mule and go into Joe Talbot's general store.

"Before I answer that, listen. Six weeks ago Corse came here and took over that cabin on old Baldypate Mountain."

"The one Texas Cal died in?", Farrow asked suspiciously.

Seth nodded in memory of the original old settler.

"Died of smallpox," he continued. "Everybody was afraid to live there after that. But when Corse came he didn't mind. By that time the cabin was anybody's property. He moved in. Up to a month ago he kept goin' by raisin' a few flea-bitten vegetables. But now . . ."

"What's he worth?", Farrow demanded in a hard voice.

"You probably couldn't spend it if you had it," Seth said flatly.

"Prove it," Farrow said.

"Come on," Seth said.

Both men sidled up to the window of the

general store. Inside old Dinty Corse was arguing violently about the high price of canned goods. He protested he was a poor man. Tall Farrow glanced wryly at Seth, but Seth said nothing. Finally Dinty came out of the store with his few purchases. Seth moved with sudden force.

"Whup!" Dinty grunted as Seth collided with him.

"No offense intended, pardner," Seth said. "Just slipped."

The old man snarled something unintelligible, mounted his mule and rode off.

"Well, what did ya get?", Farrow demanded. "I saw you hoist his pocket!"

Solemnly Seth opened the palm of his hand. For just one instant Tall Farrow caught a bright glitter. It was a coin.

"Gold!", Farrow whispered hoarsely. "Okay, pal, I'm with you. But — but where'd he get it?"

Both men swung across the street toward their horses, tied up in front of the saloon.

"The way I figure it," Seth said, "Dinty's found a gold-strike. He knows if the news of a gold-strike gets out, there'll be so many claim jumpers on Baldypate there won't be room to turn around."

Both men got on their horses and cantered away.

"But how does he turn all that gold into coin?", Farrow asked.

"I found that out easy," Seth said. "Every week he rides into Horton and sends a box off railroad express. That must be the gold-dust. And I've seen him go into the bank at Cornersville. Whoever buys the gold must deposit money to his account there. That's where he gets his goldpieces. And Cornersville's far enough away to keep down comment around here."

"What makes you think it's gold-dust and not gold-ore?", Farrow asked as they jogged out of town onto the Horton Road.

"Gold-ore would be too bulky," Seth said. "And the boxes he sends off aren't big." A puzzled frown suddenly crossed his face. "And that's one thing that bothers me. It's also why I had to call you in as a partner, Tall. If it's gold-dust, it'll take two of us to find out where he gets it providin' he won't talk. It'll take time."

"Why?", Farrow asked.

Seth looked at him narrowly, mysteriously. "Because," he said, "gold-dust comes out of

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streams." He paused significantly. "And there isn't a stream within ten miles of that cabin on Baldypate!"

Tall Farrow glanced sidewise at Seth Cadge, startled. For a moment he said nothing. Then he grunted: "What he plans to do is plain enough. Take enough dust out of the stream — wherever it is — until he has as much gold in coin as he wants, then sell out." He patted his left holster. "Well, I never stuck at murder."

"Ain't murder alone we got facin' us," Seth said laconically.

"No?" Farrow asked. "What else?"

Seth Cadge's hand, which rested on the pommel of his saddle, trembled slightly.

"Torture," he said. "Dinty Carse is as stubborn as his mule."

Tall Farrow's lips drew into a thin line.

"I reckon somewhere 'round that cabin's a piece of iron — and some wood to make it red hot," Farrow chuckled thinly.

The sun was setting behind Baldypate as they approached it.

Seth Cadge pointed through the purple gloaming to the two-room cabin set on a ridge about a quarter way up the flanks of the mountain. The mule was visible, corralled to one side.

"We'll have to leave the horses here."

Both men dismounted, tied their horses to a stunted, dead tree and advanced up a trail toward the cabin.

Suddenly Seth stumbled over some metal object. It clattered over rocks a few feet. They froze instantly, but no interruption came. Seth bent down and picked up the object. It was a tin pie pan.

"Look," he said hoarsely, dabbling his fingers in the bottom and holding them up. They gleamed in the last light with the sheen of pure gold. "Gold dust! Panned out!" He glanced around puzzled. "But where?"

"We'll find out inside," Farrow said bluntly.

They reached the front door, ranged themselves on each side. Then, with a kick, Seth burst it open. All four guns drawn, they sprang through the aperture.

"What the . . . !!" Old Dinty Carse, startled as he sat musing in a chair, came quickly to his feet. His eyes worked in fear. "You two lobos git!"

"Not until we know where you get your

gold," Tall said softly.

The old man's lips jerked violently. He saw the death-light in their eyes. With a gasp he moved one step back, as though in terror. A second later he dropped, one hand clawing madly for the old muzzle-loader in his holster.

Three guns roared.

"You blasted fool," Seth Cadge yelled as Dinty Carse staggered back, bullet holes through his head and heart, upsetting a kerosene lamp and a container of fuel that splashed on the floor. "What did you kill him for? Now how we gonna . . . ?" The word died on his lips. He saw Tall Farrow sink in agony to the floor, his wind-pipe severed.

Around Seth hot flames sprang up. He jumped to the lone piece of furniture in the room beside the chair and cot — a small bureau. Quickly he rifled through the draws. Nothing there. No map. The gleam of gold hit his eye. He stuffed the pile of gold pieces into his pockets, then turned to the corpse of Dinty Carse. Rapidly, his hands singeing, he emptied all Dinty's pockets. With the exception of a couple of gold pieces, they were empty.

With an exclamation of despair he sprang back out of reach of the flames. The door to the other room caught his eye. It would be a convenient way out before the house burned down. Perhaps in there he'd find a map showing where Dinty's gold stream was located. His head turned for a last look at the dead bodies. Then he opened the door and catapulted through. Suddenly, beneath him was nothing.

He hurtled downward, screaming. A final cry of agony jolted from him as he hit bottom in water, his left leg cracking against a pipe. He tried to move, failed and sank deeper in the water. Now he knew where the gold had been panned from — the old well over which the house had been built. Dinty had finally noticed the tiny gold grains in the water, dug through the floor, enlarged the well and slowly panned out the gold from the water.

The water in the well forced its way through Seth Cadge's clenched teeth. Against his tongue he could feel the tiny, gritty metallic grains. His fading consciousness felt one last touch of irony. Now he'd have a belly-full of gold — in death.

The End

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 14, 1918, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1901 AND JULY 3, 1913 (Title 48, United States Code, Section 541) CONCERNING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF THIS PUBLICATION published bimonthly at Glenview, Ill., on September 26, 1955.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
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Editor and Managing Editor — Burton M. Lerry, Glenview, Conn.
Business Manager, John Zarogopolis, Darien, Conn.
2. The names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock, if not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a corporation or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual owner, must be given.
George Rife, Inc., Charles Building, Darien, Connecticut

Edward Lerry, New Haven, Connecticut

John Zarogopolis, Darien, Connecticut

3. The names, addresses, occupations, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities must be given as near as possible.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, also the statements in the last paragraph above the affidavit full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. Where it has been so ordered by the court in any case under the Act of September 11, 1934 (Title 48, United States Code, Section 1124) (My commission expires April 1, 1957)

Lash LARUE



CASE OF THE DISAPPEARING HERD

THE RIO GRANDE--SCENE OF BLAZING SIX-GUNS AND A WAR TO THE FINISH!

GOT THAT RANNEY TOO! THEY'LL TEACH YUN TO STAY ON YOUR SIDE O' THE WATER! C'MON, BOYS! LET'S GIVE IT TO 'EM!



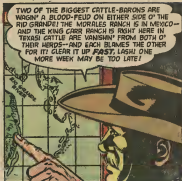
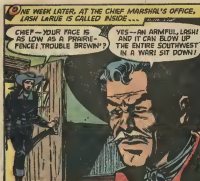
YOU WIN FOR NOW! BUT WE SHALL BE BACK, MORTIMER! WE SHALL BE BACK WITH MORE MEN TO FIND REVENGE!

AND WE'LL BE WRITIN' FOR YUH! THE NEXT TIME WE'LL FINISH YUH ALL OFF INSTEAD O' JUST A FEW! NON VAMMOOSE!



WHEN TWO GREAT RANCHERS FACED EACH OTHER ON BOTH SIDES OF THE RIO GRANDE IN A WAR TO THE DEATH OVER VANISHING CATTLE, AND SIX-GUNS ADORNED OUT A TUNE OF VIOLENCE AND MURDER, THAT WAS THE TIME FOR LASH LARUE, THE ROVING MARSHAL, TO MAKE HIS ENTRANCE IN THE DANGEROUS ADVENTURE HE CALLED THE -- **CASE OF THE DISAPPEARING HERD!**

SIX-GUN HEROES



SIX-GUN HEROES



SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU VARMINTS-- BUT I AIM TO KEEP ON LIVIN'!

NO USE FIGHTIN' IT OUT WITH THET HOMBRE! I BETTER...



NO YOU DON'T. MAVERICK! YOU'LL STAY RIGHT HERE!

UGHNN-H!



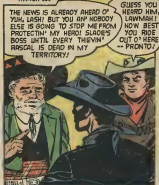
LET'S HAVE IT OUT NOW--AND NO LYN'--OR I'LL BEAT YOU TO A PULP! WHAT'S YOUR REASON FOR TRYIN' TO AMBUSH ME?

WE GOT ORDERS FROM-- FROM VINCE SLADE, MARSHAL... HONEST-- WE DIDN'T KNOW WHO YOU WERE! SLADE'S FOREMAN O' THE KING CARR RANCH... HE SAID FER US TO SHOOT FIRST AND ASK QUESTIONS LATER--NO MATTER WHO IT WAS!



WHEN CRYOTES LIKE YOU TAKE THE LAW INTO THEIR OWN HANDS, THEN IT'S TIME TO PUT 'EM BEHIND BARS! WE'RE TAKING YOU TO THE SHERIFF-- THEN AFTER THAT I GOT A DATE WITH MISTER SLADE!

AND AFTERWARDS... AT THE KING CARR RANCH...



THE NEWS IS ALREADY AHEAD O' YUH, LASH! BUT YOU AN' NOBODY ELSE IS GOING TO STOP ME FROM PROTECTIN' MY HERD! SLADE'S BOSS UNTIL EVERY THIEVIN' RASCAL IS DEAD IN MY TERRITORY!

GUESS YOU HEARD HM, LAWMAH! NOW BEST YOU RIDE OUT O' HERE -- PRONTO!



I'LL ONLY TELL THIS TO YOU ONCE, SLADE! I'M STRAYING TO FINISH THIS SHINOIG! TWO MEN DIED TONIGHT BECAUSE OF YOUR ORDERS! THE NEXT TIME ANYTHING HAPPENS, I'LL ARREST YOU FOR MURDER!

KEEP TALKIN' PARD-- I'M SCARED-- REALLY SCARED! HA, HA...

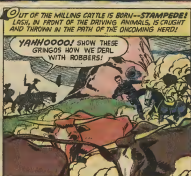
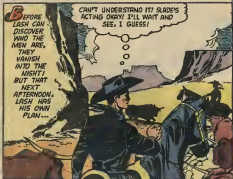
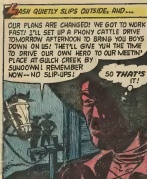
LASH IS ALLOWED TO STAY ON THAT NIGHT, BUT JUST AS HE RETIRES...



NEIGHNN-H!

RUSH! WHAT IS IT, OL' BOY? WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME?

SIX-GUN HEROES



SIX-GUN HEROES



SIX-GUN HEROES

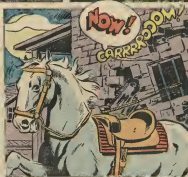
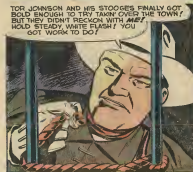


Tex Ritter in

WANTED: DEAD OR ALIVE!



SIX-GUN HEROES



SIX-GUN HEROES



STOP HIM!
HE'S GETTIN
AWAY!

HE RIDES ALL NIGHT BACK TO
TALMAGHS TO SEE DISTRICT
JUDGE JIM RANDALL. THE
NEXT MORNING, ON THE OUTSHOTS
OF POWDER BEND...

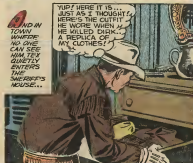
JUST WHO WERE
THE MEN WHO
SHOT DIRK, MRS.
NORTH? DID
YOU GET A
GOOD LOOK
AT 'EM?

YES... FOR
JOHNSON'S
MEN! BUT...
ONE OF THEM...
WAS DRESSED
LIKE YOU! THAT'S
WHY DIRK... WENT
TO GREET 'EM!



THEY FORCED HIM TO HAND OVER
OUR CLAIM HERE, THEN THEY...
THEY SHOT HIM IN COLD-BLOOD...
LAUGHING! OH...
MAKE THEM PAY
FOR IT, TEX!
MAKE THEM
PAY!

THEY'LL BE
BROUGHT TO
JUSTICE, MRS.
NORTH! C'MON
BOY! WE HAVE
A SCORE TO
SETTLE!



AND IN
TOWN
WHILE
NO ONE
CAN SEE
HIM, TEX
QUETLY
ENTERS
THE SHERIFF'S
HOUSE...

YUP! HERE IT IS...
JUST AS I THOUGHT!
HERE'S THE OUTFIT
HE WORE WHEN
HE KILLED DIRK...
A REPLICA OF
MY CLOTHES!

ARMED NOW WITH EVIDENCE, TEX ENTERS THE
HANGOUT OF THE CROOKED TOWN OFFICIALS,
THE "BLUE CALF" SALOON...



FOR JOHNSON AND
HIS HENCHMEN ARE
DUE FOR A BAD
SURPRISE!



HELLO, FRIENDS, DON'T
TELL ME YOU GAVE UP SO
EASILY! BUT DON'T MAKE
ANY FOOLISH MOVES!

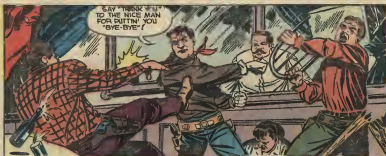
RITTER!

I REPEAT, I HAVE HERE
A COURT ORDER TO MAKE ALL
CLAIMS LEGAL... AS BEFORE,
AND ALSO A SPECIAL ORDER
FOR THE ARREST OF
SHERIFF EARL TRASK
AND ALL OTHERS WANTED
FOR THE MURDER OF
DIRK NORTH!

OVER,
MY DEAD
BODY, RANGER!
PLUS 'IM,
BOYS!



SIX-GUN HEROES



THE TERRIFIC FIGHT NOW RAGES OUT INTO THE STREET!

YOU GOT THE RIGHT IDEA, DADDY! NOW THERE'S JUST YOU AN' ME, SHERIFF!

SIX-GUN HEROES



SPASH!

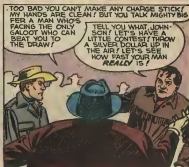


YOU'RE A GOOD MAN TO BE RIDIN' WITH, RANGER. TOO BAD WE COULDN'T MEET SOME OTHER TIME!

HEY NOW TURNS TO THE YOUNG CONVICTION WHO HELPED HIM OUT IN THE FIGHT...



YOU'RE MAKIN' A BIG MISTAKE STRINGING ALONG WITH JOHNSON, RANDY! HIS DAYS ARE **NUMBERED!**

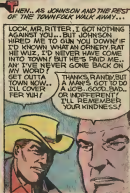


TOO BAD YOU CAN'T MAKE ANY CHARGE STICK! MY HANDS ARE CLEAN! BUT YOU TALK MIGHTY BIG FER A MAN WHO'S FACING THE ONLY GALOOT WHO CAN BEAT YOU TO THE DRAW!



YES, RANDY, GUESS IT DOES. NICE SHOOTIN'!

BAM! BAM!



THEN... AS JOHNSON AND THE REST OF THE TOWNFOLK WALK AWAY...

THANKS, RANDY, BUT A MAN'S GOT TO DO A JOB... GOOD, BAD, OR INDIFFERENT! I'LL REMEMBER YOUR KINDNESS!



OKAY RITTER, PLAY THE HERO, BUT NOW I'VE GOT ALL THE TRUMP CARDS!

SIX-GUN HEROES

A FEW DAYS LATER... THE SHOWDOWN COMES...

ALL RIGHT, MR. RITTER, TURN AROUND AN' WALK SLOWLY TOWARDS ME. THET GREASY POLE-CAT SAYS THIS IS IT!

I'M STILL GIVIN' YOU A CHANCE TO CUT LOOSE FROM BAD COMPANY, RANDY!



I'VE GIVEN MY WORD, RAND. I CAN'T! BUT I WANT YOU TO KNOW I'M GONNA SETTLE WITH JOHNSON MYSELF AFTER THIS FIGHT! THIS TOWN'LL BE BETTER RID O' HIM!

I HOPE YOU'RE AWIN' TO DO IT ON THE SIDE O' LAW-AN'-ORDER! THAT'S THE ONLY WAY!



YOU'RE THE BEST MAN I'VE SEEN IN A FIGHT, RANGER. BUT NOW...DRAW!



YOUR HANDS'LL BE AS GOOD AS NEW, RANDY. SHOOTIN' SILVER DOLLARS ISN'T MY WAY O' GVIN' AWAY MY SPEED! BUT IT WAS THE ONLY WAY I COULD TRAP JOHN-SON!

SPEAKIN' O' JOHNSON... HE'S VAMPOOSH'N OUT O' TOWN RIGHT NOW!



HE WON'T GET VERY FAR. RANGERS IN THESE PARTS GOT A GOOD DESCRIPTION O' HIM WHEN I WENT TO TALHUGHES LAST NIGHT! AN' AS FOR THE SHERIFF AN' HIS BOYS, THEY'LL BE PUT ON TRIAL FOR MURDER!

I... I WANT TO THANK YOU FER... WELL... FER SAWN' ANY LIFE. THIS IS MY LAST GUN JOB!



GLAD TO HEAR YOU SAY THAT, RANDY... 'CAUSE AS OF NOW... YOU'RE THE NEW SHERIFF O' POWDER BEND BY AUTHORITY VESTED IN ME THROUGH JUDGE RANDALD'S ORDER. THE PEOPLE NEED SOMEBODY LIKE YOU... AN' I THINK YOU'LL BE SETTUN' DOWN HERE FOR A LONG TIME!

YOU'RE RIGHT, TEX. FROM NOW ON... IT'LL BE OUR TOWN!



FILE 151B

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FIRST



Act
Now

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Act
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59th
YEAR



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NOW

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COUPON



59th
YEAR

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BE
FIRST

WATCHES

SEND NO
MONEY NOW



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ACT NOW

59th
YEAR



BE FIRST

59th
YEAR



BOYS
GIRLS
LADIES - MEN



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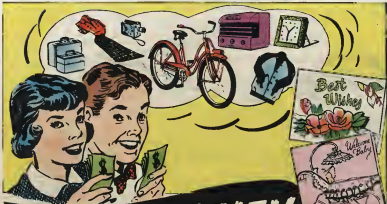
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ST. R.D. BOX

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